

fied by the circumstance of time and locality, in every part of the globe, through thousands of years, we may safely conclude it is based on truth, and embodies a correct principle. Such an idea is that of the equal rights of man, an idea that, from the earliest ages of the world down to the present day, has never been extinguished. Who shall presume to set bounds to human progress?—to say to Mind, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?” Already on the distant horizon do we see the first faint glimmer of the rising sun of equality, whose dawn was predicted by Grecian sages thousands of years since, and whose meridian splendour shall illumine all the nations, shedding light and life on every heart. Faith is wanting in those who doubt the ultimate realization of these visions of the future, faith in progress, in the perfectibility of every human mind. “Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; they are white already to the harvest.”

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### THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER.

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Dick Rattles was a native of Hertfordshire and lived in the parish of Little Banks, within a stone's throw of the modest spire of the humble parish church. Dick was a poacher by profession and a most eccentric character. In the good old times when the peasant had grab for grab with the squire in the scramble for the common lands, Rattles possessed himself of the waistband of the squire's breeches, as he facetiously termed his strip of enclosure. Squire Jollyman of the Downs was Dick's neighbour, and made frequent attempts to purchase the poacher out, but the very circumstance—the growth of covers and increase of game—which whetted the Squire's desire to bid, only made Dick more keen to hold and more exorbitant in his demand, when, to please the Squire, he professed a wish to sell for what he termed “less than the value.” When Dick had established such a right of possession as might defy even the Squire's lust, he took out a license and gave his house the title of

### “THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER.”

The peasant had only one child, a son, whose name was Will—we presume he was christened William, but we doubt if he would have known himself by that name. When

"THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER" was opened our hero had reached his sixteenth year, and gave hopeful promise of being every thing a fond and indulgent father could desire; he had received a good education and had excellent ability, and was acknowledged to be the jolliest fellow, not only in the parish but in the county, and by all, as he was known to all, gentle and simple. Will was the handsomest youth in the parish, and of most engaging manners; he was jovial, but not a drunkard; a wag, but not a scamp; daring, but not thoughtless; reckless, but not cruel. His father's boast was, that he was the best shot in the county, that the chap would hide where a partridge wouldn't find cover, and that he would rather have the youngster on a calm, good-scenting, moonlight night, than the best nosed dog in England.

Will was a prime favorite with the young farmers of the neighbourhood, and in exchange for a good night's sport and the lion's share of the game, as well as in consideration of his prowess in horsemanship, our hero now and then was mounted for a day's hunt with Squire Jollyman's hounds. Will was born a sportsman, he sat his horse like wax, had a masterly hand, and would sail over his fences—a combination of requisites which attracted the notice and admiration of the knowing ones—and our hero, as he boasted, had the largest stud in the county, as all looked upon him as a first-rate trainer, and all were anxious to mount him. Neither was his capacity lost upon Squire Jollyman, who frequently saw Will—who was ever at the tail of the hounds—make the hit and recover his fox, when old Sam Smellum, the huntsman, had given him up as lost. The fact of our hero being such a knowing sportsman, added to a desire to seduce him from his poaching propensities, determined the Squire to offer him the appointment of first whip, with a salary and perquisites which reconciled the father to his son's accepting service. Will soon shone in his new character, and became a great favorite with a large circle of crack sportsmen who hunted with the Squire's hounds and partook of his genuine English hospitality. Our hero soon became an adept at his new profession, and, to the great mortification of old Smellum, would frequently recover his fox after all hope had been abandoned. The FIRST WHIP had not been long introduced as a guest at the Servant's Hall when the Squire observed a very provoking negligence—and especially after dinner—in the servants whose business it was to answer the bell.

The first tinkle of the bell, and especially after dinner, used to be considered as a peremptory summons, commanding all—whose place it was, to attend—to appear, all other business being laid aside. It so happened that, one day after a splendid run—in which Will, as usual, distinguished himself—the Squire had a large party of sportsmen to dinner, and upon such occasions it was a customary practice at the Downs to christen the last cup won by the Squire's stud, and which ceremony was performed with great pomp and jollity, the sportsman who got the brush making the punch in the cup: when the time had arrived for performing the ceremony the bell was rung for hot water, but no answer, a thing most unusual till of late—another pull and the same cold indifference, and another, and another with no better success, when the offended Squire sallied out of the room exclaiming "They shall go, every man jack of them; John, Thomas, James, Edward," roared the Squire, but no response, when the master, for the first time in his life, was compelled to wait upon himself. He rushed through the long passage to the door of the servants' hall, when shouts of "Bravo, Will! Bravo!" clapping of hands, and roars of laughter, literally paralysed him; and, stopping for a moment in amazement, he heard the following line, followed by renewed roars of laughter and applause—

"When the Squire stole acres, my dad took his rods."

The reader may imagine the surprise of one whose word was law, and disobedience of whose command was worse than crime. However, Squire Jollyman of the Downs was an "Old English Gentleman, one of the olden times," his motto was "live and let live," and if he exacted minute obedience from his servants, it was more from custom than from a desire to exhibit authority. However, there is a point beyond which human endurance cannot be stretched. The Squire waited outside till Will had concluded, when he rushed into the hall amid shouts of applause, roars of laughter, and "Encore, Will, encore!" Whatever might have caused the forbearance of the Squire, the reader can easily imagine the consternation of the servants. In fact, the "hurly burly," bustle and confusion, so graphically described in the admirable comedy of "HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS," was tameness itself in comparison with the scampering of the Squire's confounded domestics—some got under the table, some scampered up stairs, some under the stairs, and the old coach-man never pulled bridle till he found him-

self safe in the stable. Will alone remained stationary and unmoved; he knew that it wasn't his place to attend bells, and that after his day's hunt and his horses were made up, the servants' hall was his, and not the Squire's place. "You rascal," vociferated the Squire, though with a suppressed smile that was not lost upon Will—"and is it you?" "Yes" replied Will, "to be sure its I, the very man that recovered the fox to-day when you swore he was gone to ground in the scrub." "Follow me," ejaculated the Squire, the smile still increasing. "Aye," responded Will, "to the devil if you'll only give me a good nag, but I'm blowed if ever I'll cross that baulking beggar OLD MOSES again, for you or any man living, to be disgraced before the field." "Come along, sir," continued the Squire, Will following till he found himself dragged into the dining-room to the no small surprise of a party of jovial souls, many of whose faces were familiar to him; and as he stood in the middle of the room, the guests were very naturally at a loss to know how they should receive him, led like a culprit by their host. Will, however, never lost his presence of mind; he recognised the best sportsmen, whose faces were familiar to him, with a knowing nod and an arch wink of his jet black piercing eye. The Squire at length broke the awful silence, by informing his guests that the YOUNG GENTLEMAN who stood before them was the cause of his servants' disobedience; that he found him amusing the domestics in the servants' hall, at their master's expense; adding,—“Now sir, be good enough to favor US with the song that elicited so much applause from your audience below stairs.” Will desired no better sport, and instantly struck up

#### THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER.

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How sweet is the life of the Jolly Young Poacher,  
A kissing the lasses all day until noon,  
Then shoots the preserves of some sleepy old codger,  
A bagging his game by the light of the moon.

Come, tip us a glass of the sparkling October,  
And give us a stave of the merry old days;  
When squire and poacher ne'er went to bed sober,  
The one drunk by nights and the other by days.

(Chorus.) Then how sweet is the life, &c.



I don't pity the clodpole that works for his hire,  
When the flash from his pan would his dinner provide ;  
I can tip off my glass by a good rousing fire,  
While the nigger sits shivering hard by the roadside.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

Who'de pine at the anvil, or die in a Bastille,  
That could live like a Prince by the snap of his lock ;  
Who'de live on thin skilly and musty oatmeal,  
That could eat his hare soup and his dainty wood-cock.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

I shoot my own pheasant and bag my own hare,  
While the snorting old squire lies grunting in bed.  
Come, drink to the Poacher that sets his own snare,  
A poaching's the jolliest life man e'er led.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

Give me the mute dog that runs keen on the nose,  
And a good double barrel with caps that wont miss,  
With a snug little cot and a good suit of clothes,  
To visit my lass when I wish for a kiss.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

When the squire stole acres my dad took his rods,  
And fenced them around as his lawful domain,  
Sure it never was meant by the law of the Gods,  
That the Parson and Squire should eat all the game.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

But let Parson and Squire have tithe and the land,  
If they leave me my lass and my glass and my gun,  
But the laws and the taxes may go and be damned,  
If obeying and paying bilks me of my fun.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

As in the hall, so it was in the parlour ; the Squire and his guests not only singing in the chorus, at the request of Will, but actually out-doing the servants in applause and encores. When Will had sung "THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER" three times, to the great delight of his audience—for he had a magnificent voice, and the song was his own composition—the Squire's nephew, who sat at the foot of the table, and who was very partial to Will, handed him a bumper of sparkling Burgundy, adding, "Here, Will, is a bumper of sparkling October, come, give us a toast." "Come then," says Will, "here's Squire Jollyman's very good health, may the Downs never have a worse host, may I always have as good a master and Hertfordshire as good a sportsman."

The toast was received with thunders of applause inside, and, to the no small astonishment of the Squire and his guests, was responded to from without, with shouts of "Amen, and bravo Will, and so say we all of us." The fact was, that notwithstanding the confusion caused by the Squire's abrupt appearance in the servants' hall, Will's voice, and the novelty of the scene, had led all irresistibly to the door of the dining-room, and which, in his haste, the Squire had left ajar, and many of Will's fellow-servants had actually squeezed in between the door and the screen, and could no longer resist the natural feeling of affection and gratitude, when they heard the health of a kind, considerate, and indulgent master proposed. When the Squire heard the shouts of applause from without, the tear of joy trickled down the cheek of the tender-hearted Old English Gentleman, and he blubbered out,—“There, there, go, go, Will, tell them all I forgive them, and tell John to bring me up the St. Albans, the cup that OLD MOSES won when he and I were younger.—Go, go and make yourselves merry in the hall.” The reader may rest assured that Will and his companions obeyed orders down stairs, while the Squire and his companions kept up the christening, till Bacchus levelled all distinction, and morning found them discharging their nocturnal booze in groups upon the floor. The Squire was the only sober man of the party; he sent for Will after breakfast to attend in his study, and a change in Will's fortune, of which the reader shall have full particulars, was the result of the interview.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LAND AND THE CHARTER.

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When gaunt famine is marching through the land with rapid strides, stopping only at the peasant's door, and only known to and heeded by the rich for the fear it creates; when we find ministers, statesmen, and their dependents, racking invention to discover a substitute for man's food, and proposing to sweeten his adversity with molasses; when we see old feuds and party dissension buried; political differences surrendered or suspended; religious animosities abandoned, and the savageness of faction merged in party unanimity and class union; a union of the rich represented